

The Democrats of Iron County will meet in mass convention at the courthouse in Ironton, on

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888,
at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Convention at Sedalia. The Sedalia Convention will meet on the 17th of May, to select delegates to the National Convention, which will assemble at St. Louis June 5th.

Howell county's Democracy will select candidates for county offices through a primary election to be held on the 21st of July.

Now that McGrath is out of the race, Mr. Lesieur will practically have a "walk-over," and he deserves it. He is a good and faithful Democrat, an able man, especially fitted for the office of Secretary of State.

Hon. M. K. McGrath, Secretary of State, has purchased the Sedalia Democrat, and will assume its conduct at the expiration of his term of office. He has made a capable and faithful officer, and we wish him unbounded success in his new field.

Efforts are being made to have the Southeast Telegraph Company to put up a line between Farmington and Ste. Genevieve. The cost will be about \$2,800, and the Company will establish the line, if the people of Ste. Genevieve will subscribe \$1,000 toward the enterprise.

We agree with the Doniphan Prospect-News that candidates from the Southeast for State officers ought to canvass the other parts of the commonwealth. The Southeast is always solid for its favorite sons, and generally flatters away her influence without doing any good for them. Unaided by other sections, she can never do anything in that way, and her candidates ought to govern themselves accordingly.

"A gem of the purest ray serene," the following stanza from a poem lately published in the De Soto Watchman, must not be permitted to hide itself away in oblivion's dark abyss: "And boys and girls, when earth's last ties are riven, 'And all our forms lie sleeping neath the sod, 'We'll meet our honored sister up in heaven, 'And find she's mighty sociable with God." How proud her spirit must be! Looks down with haughty contempt, no doubt, on heaven's parvenus who move only in the angels' circle!

Judge Sherwood last Monday handed down a decision to the effect that the Act of 1857, relative to keeping open saloons in the city of St. Louis, had never been legally adopted—the law requiring the ordinance to receive a majority of all persons entitled to vote, while at said election when there were over 13,000 qualified voters, only 5,065 voted for it. The decision is good law and good sense, and subverts the equal rights of all citizens. St. Louis has no more just right to have open saloons on Sunday than has Ironton. Let the saloon be closed on that day all over the State.

Thinking democrats have learned that all democracy does for them is to tax them.

So says our Republican contemporary, the Farmington Democrat. Over in Republican Illinois—Republican for twenty-five years—the tax for State purposes is fifty-three cents on the hundred dollars, while in Democratic Missouri—Democratic for eighteen years—it is twenty cents on the hundred dollars. That, too, while we are paying interest on a State debt contracted principally by Republicans when they were in power, while Illinois has no such burden. For gall—pure, unadulterated gall—and haughty indifference to fact, commend to us the Republican editor on the trail of "reform."

As indicating the drift of sentiment permeating the farmers' organizations in other counties we publish the following preamble and resolutions adopted by a Cape Girardeau wheel:

WHEREAS, A convention of the Union Labor party, for this county, has been called to meet at Jackson, on the 28th of this month in which the Agricultural Wheels are invited to participate, and as our order is composed of men of every political faith, therefore be it

Resolved, By Penn Wheel No. 443, that we protest against any and all efforts to draw our order, as an order, into the political pool; and that partisan politics shall not be brought into the wheel, but that each member of the wheel shall be free to affiliate with any political party they see fit, and that in attending political conventions they shall go as citizens and not as wheelers.

"Poplar Bluff Republic: The recent letter from Lowndes H. Davis urging the Democrats of this district to nominate some poor man for congress who has not offered himself as a candidate and is unable to use money in influencing a nomination, has provoked many a smile, especially his reasons. Among all the Democratic candidates who have presented themselves for the office, very few had money enough to be called even well-to-do. McCormick saved his money out of his salary. Bob Hatcher died comparatively poor. Mart. Clardy was poor when he made his canvass in 1874, and isn't rich yet. Marshall Arnold is far from rich; A. H. Livingston came out of his only

canvass bankrupt, and that from paying ordinary campaign expenses. J. P. Walker would not have had money enough to meet all his appointments if his friends had not helped him. The only candidates who were really able to spend money to influence votes were Joe Moore and the writer of the letter, and Moore would not even help the newspapers that lost money working for his nomination."

IS NOT A CANDIDATE.
Hon. J. Perry Johnson Will not Enter the Congressional Lists.

Editor Plaindealer:
My name has been used as a possible candidate for congress in this (the 10th) congressional district. I have received many letters from different counties soliciting me to become a candidate for the position. Many friends have personally requested me to make this canvass, all assuring me of their friendship and support. While I could but feel flattered by these tokens of kind feeling and tenders of support and assistance, I have after mature thought concluded that my duty to the Democracy and to my friends calls upon me at once to set at rest the doubt in regard to my candidacy by saying that I am not a candidate for congress at this time and that I will not be a candidate for any office during the continuance of my present term as state senator. I was anxious to represent the people of the 24th senatorial district in the state senate. I sought the office and the Democracy with remarkable unanimity made me their nominee and the people of the district elected me to fill the position. Consequently in view of the very great importance of the next session of the general assembly to the interests of the people of my district, and of the many useful and important questions that will be before the next assembly in the interests of our farmers, our business men and the wage workers of the district, I feel that the people are entitled to my services in that position and to the benefit of whatever experience I gained by serving in the last general assembly. But in declining to be a candidate for congress I wish to assure my friends and the Democracy that in the coming canvass I will be found at work for the success of Democracy and Democratic principles, battling for the Democratic nominees, national, state, district, and county—believing as I do that in the success of the Democracy lies the best guarantee that the people will be protected against monopoly and oppression, the institutions of our country best preserved in their purity and the prosperity of our state and the nation be assured.

I remain very truly,
Yours for the Democracy,
J. PERRY JOHNSON.
Old Times.

Ed. Register—Do you wonder that I, as I sit looking at this beautiful bright moon, look back to early days when I would take my rifle on my shoulder and go way out in the mountains to some deer lick and to watch for deer? What splendid times I used to have sitting up in some branching tree, all alone, with nature and with nature's God. How still and hushed all nature seemed, and as you listened to catch the footsteps of some unsuspecting deer on his nightly visits to the licks—how often when sitting thus, have I thought of the Great Watcher, as he sits up in the heavens and sees all below—every moving object, every act, every thought, nothing hid from his notice, and how all unaware of my presence some deer or other animal that prowls around at night comes within the range of my rifle, when all at once out rings the clear keen crack of my rifle and there lays stretched on the ground my victim. Ah, how many nights I have spent at those deer licks. I do not know how it was or why it was, but I can well remember of hearing a clear bell-like voice break the stillness of the night with one single note, repeated three times in rapid succession—therill! therill! therill! It always gave me a peculiar feeling, and in most every instance the thought would come to me, now watch a deer will soon come, and in most every instance one would come. How many times I have seen other animals come unconcernedly to the lick, and after satisfying themselves go away, not having suspected any person was up in the tree above them watching every motion, every movement.

I shall never forget one night at the lick. The summer we built our first brick house we had some brick masons and their hands building the house we afterwards lived in (the homestead). One of the bosses said to me and my old pard, "Let's go to the suck lick to-night and kill a deer." This suck, as it was always called, was on the side of a mountain, among the rocks, where some kind of mineral water seeped out. The deer and cattle were very fond of it and would come great distances to sip the water. Near the suck was a large tree. Standing up among the large limbs some hunters had built a scaffold to sit and watch for deer. A person could lie down on it and go to sleep if he was sleepy. On the other side of the suck stood a very large locust tree. About twenty feet above the ground it forked. When ready to start, the old boss took my rifle and said, "Now, boys, I will show you fellows how to kill a deer to-night." I said, "Look here, I just want you to hand back my gun." He said, "No, we are company. You must always be polite to company." I said, "It was you that invited us to go with you." "Well, you must respect old age; boys should always give way to older people." "All right, I will beat you killing deer to-night, if you have got my gun, for it won't kill anything for you. If you do shoot at a deer you can't hit it with my gun." Now, you see we had three guns. One had got a habit of snapping and there was no certainty about it, so I took the snapping gun, but I did not feel in very good humor about it; in fact, I was mad. When we reached the suck the old boss and my pard made for the tree that had the scaffold and an Indian ladder set up against the body of the tree to climb up in. "Yes, you

fellows think you are smart, but I'll show you who will kill the deer." So I took my gun stock stock between my teeth and threw my head back and with my arms and legs clasped around the tree scaled up that tree bear fashion. When I got up to the forks of the tree I seated myself as comfortably as I could and waited. After an hour or two a deer came in the lick at their side and both of them shot at it and missed it. I said, "who killed that deer?" "Yes, you just wait until one comes on my side." After awhile another deer came in on their side. Bang went their guns again, and away went the deer just whistling. "Say, you fellows over there, who killed that deer?" After waiting another while, here came a fine one on my side. I drew down on that deer's neck and fired and there lay my deer dead. "Say, you fellows, who killed that deer?" I slid down that tree and pulled my deer out of the lick and loaded my gun and climbed up again. I had just put my knee in the forks of the tree and I saw another one come in and stop. I drew down on him and at the crack of my gun there lay another one dead. "Say, you fellows, who killed that deer?" They said "Less go home. Yes, less go home." "Yes." But wasn't the old boss sick. If he got to puffing just ask who killed that deer and he would have nothing to say. And didn't I feel good!

And now how those moonlight nights bring back the old feeling, the old desire to live over again some of those good old times. I shall never forget the last time I sat at that suck. I had been working hard all day, and was very tired. After I had my supper it was such a lovely night, I felt I must go once more and watch that lick. I took down my rifle and started for the suck. When I reached the place I felt so tired I said, I believe I will sit down at the foot of the tree, lay my gun across that rock right before me, and if I should go to sleep and a deer should come, all I would have to do would be to look along the gun and touch the trigger. So I pulled the cape of my hunting shirt up over my head and went to sleep. How long I had been asleep I do not know, but I heard a hoof of a deer strike a rock. I opened my eyes and right before me stood what looked like a very large deer. I reached out my hand and carefully brought my gun to bear on the deer and fired. The deer jumped and ran out of the lick and I started to go to it and one in the lick commenced kicking. I had killed two instead of one.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, it makes the blood run warm in my veins just to think of the good old times I have had in the wood and mountains, both in the day and night, with my old gun Betsy. I could always trust her, and I sometimes think I loved her better than anything else in this world. And now when I go on a ride with my old hunting pony in the woods or on mountains, I feel sad to think that all the wild animals have gone, and in a few years the game will become extinct, unless our game laws are enforced and that curse of the country (dogs) are kept out of the commons. All dogs should be prohibited from running at large. What right has one man to keep a pack of dogs to chase the deer and kill all the sheep? Just look at the loss in sheep husbandry in the past year. There have been in the State of Missouri alone over eighteen hundred sheep killed by dogs, and in the United States over one million, and who pays for the loss? Did you ever know a man that would own his dog killed a sheep? If you have I have never seen such a man, and yet the work goes on. And again, how many lives have been and are being lost every year by mad dogs. It is a pity the whole race could not be exterminated. It would be a blessing to the country.

T. P. R.

Personal.
Gus Moser returned home last Saturday night, accompanied by his friend, Mr. W. Wright, St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Goulding made a trip to Poplar Bluff last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Newt. Morris, after a few days' visit to relatives in Ironton, returned home last Thursday. Miss Addie Pettit accompanied them as far as St. Louis.

Mr. J. S. Norman, who has for some time past been employed as book-keeper by the St. Louis Ore and Steel Company, left Monday for Murphysboro, Ill.

Miss Katie Coleman, De Soto, is in Ironton the guest of Miss Alice Chase.

Wm. R. Edgar left for St. Louis Tuesday to attend court.

J. T. Cox, Esq., of Bellevue, was in town Monday, in attendance on probate court.

J. H. Russell, Esq., of Bellevue, was down to Ironton on business Tuesday.

Jos. A. and Jas. Reyburn, of Iron Mountain, paid Ironton a flying visit Monday.

"Jim" has just come up from Poplar Bluff, and will reside at the Mountain this summer.

BOARD, BY THE DAY OR WEEK, at Goodenough House, near depot. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. C. M. Goodenough, Proprietress.

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